PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-37

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 6 • No. 5 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JANUARY 29, 1937 5 CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

WE DOUBT THAT HE DOES, MR. BRINIG

We note, Mr. Brinig, your nice Robinson Jeffers, little piece about "who lives in Carmel," and we wonder if a man to whom music means nothing at all; to whom it is just noise, would know "there's a difference between singing 'Sweet Adeline' and (singing) 'Roan Stallion'."

THIS BUSINESS OF MAKING OUR VILLAGE RIDICULOUS

The business of making our village appear ridiculous, if it is to be done at all, should, like charity, be started, at least, at home and, if possible, kept pretty well there. It should also be based on a slight shaving from a kernel of fact. We are aroused to this rising temperature by the following which, as a clipping from the New York *Herald Tribune*, was handed to us on Ocean avenue this week:

CARMEL WOULD CURB BUILDING

Carmel, Calif., Jan. 18 (UP) Carmel, America's leading literary and art colony, just doesn't want to grow up. With more than $236,000 worth of new houses constructed last year, an association is being formed to ask the City Council to prevent the construction of any house that costs more than $5,000. It is argued they destroy the picturesque beauty of the village.

Our knowledge of the scope of the United Press leads us to add that that absurd thing possibly appeared in about 200 newspapers in the United States.

SUBWAY FOR SUNSET PUPILS IS A GOOD IDEA

Here is a proposal made by those who can't see the city's way clear to get going on improving Junipero street to divert the San Simeon traffic away from San Carlos street and by the Sunset school. They suggest a subway for the children under San Carlos at the school.

That seems to us to be a good idea, whether the Junipero improvement is made or not within the near future. Even with a through city route by way of Junipero the San Carlos subway suggestion is good. Most of the school children live west of San Carlos, anyway, and there will always be automobiles buzzing along that street. It is used extensively by residents of The Point and the extreme southwest section of the city as a route to the uptown district. And surely a subway wouldn't cost so all-fired much.

Mind you, we aren't backing up a bit on our insistence on Junipero street improvement as a necessary thing for the very near future, but while the city council is getting its mental machinery into shape for considering it definitely, why not go at this subway thing and have that, at least, all washed up by the time the San Simeon Highway is opened in June and we begin to get much of the backwash?

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT THE SEA LIONS

Now that we have a new little law curtailing the instinctive activities of our dogs, what about doing

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OFFICE WILL BE OPENED HERE BY DEL MONTE PROPERTIES

Once again the Del Monte Properties, officially and by name, is invading the Carmel real estate operators field, and will establish an office, ostensibly to handle its own holdings, on Ocean avenue, south side, just west of Dolores. It is understood that Harrison Godwin, who has been the real estate Beelzebub for the Del Monte people for the past year, will be in charge.

Up to this time, and for a number of years, the Carmel Realty Company, By Ford, commander-in-chief, has represented the Del Monte Properties Company in Carmel. But with the By Ford company reaching out in all directions, the principal one being that of the recently-opened Walker or Mission Tract, the Del Monte Properties people have decided again to go on their own.

Harrison Godwin is one of the veterans in real estate in these parts and his appearance on Ocean avenue will be no novelty, however it may be pleasing.

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ANOTHER PIECE OF OCEAN AVE. DISPOSED OF

Barney Segal has sold another nifty little piece of Ocean avenue property—the stretch between San Carlos and Mission streets which now houses the Purity, Weaver's, Mission Cleaners and Tuthill's Smoke Shop. He won't tell who bought it or how much was paid for it. He negotiated the deal for the owner, George W. Wagner of San Jose, and $30,000 is said to have changed hands.

Barney not so long ago sold the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Dolores street to the Bank of Carmel and two weeks later Gladys Johnston engineered the sale of the Helen Wilson building on the Court of the Golden Bough to Malcolm Macbeth.

The bank intends eventually to house itself in a new building on the land it acquired, but the Wagner property, just sold by Segal, will not be disturbed as to tenants, so 'tis said.

What Macbeth is going to do with his newly acquired property he hasn't yet been able to decide, except in the matter of the rear of the ground floor which has been leased, as elsewhere noted, to the Blue Bird. Macbeth may move his shop to the front section of the building and then again he may not. There's no telling—right now.

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Carel Hulsewe Is New Rector of All Saints

The Rev. Carel Hulsewe, former rector of St. Francis Church in San Francisco, has accepted a call to All Saints Church here and will take over the parish in March when the present rector, Rev. Austin B. Chinn, retires from the active ministry.

Mr. Hulsewe was a house-guest a week ago of J. L. Cockburn, one of the vestrymen of All Saints Church, and at a vestry meeting last Monday he made known his decision to accept the call tendered to him.

COCK - A - DOODLE - DOO

Our circulation rooster is crowing—with justification.

Has come the dawn!

The dawn, as a matter of fact (and we are not trying to wax poetic in this), of a new era in Carmel newspaper history.

The CARMEL CYMBAL placed in the hands of the Carmel post office this gay morning the sum total of 420 copies of itself to go to 420 paid subscribers. In this sum total there was put in the boxes for Carmel District subscribers a larger number by MORE THAN 100 than the PAID circulations in the same district of the *Californian* and the *Pine Cone* COMBINED.

This is not only NEW in Carmel newspaper history; it has never been ANYWHERE NEAR equalled before.

It is not only the dawn of a new era, it is a significant thing. Significant in that it is the first time in the history of this community, that a newspaper, edited, printed and published in Carmel, exclusively for Carmel people and the residents of its environs, has been accepted for general reading in this community.

In other words, THE CYMBAL has become, in the short eight weeks of its revival, the accepted newspaper of Carmel, The Highlands and Pebble Beach. It goes farther, is more extensively read, is by far more generally subscribed and paid for, than any newspaper previously has ever been.

THE CYMBAL has the circulation now; it has enthusiastic readers. It is being talked about—not only here, but there.

It is read by MORE THAN 1500 persons in this community stretching along the Pacific Ocean from Cypress Point to Martin Flavin's home.

THE CYMBAL advertising is legitimate PAID advertising.

THE CYMBAL positively accepts NO TRADE ADVERTISING.

THE CYMBAL uses NO INFLUENCE other than the justifiable argument of its unprecedented circulation to obtain advertising.

THE CYMBAL seeks its advertising only on the strength of its PAID CIRCULATION in the Carmel shopping radius where, and ONLY where, local advertising does any good.

Hence and therefore, THE CYMBAL advertising pays the advertisers, and as things that pay, grow, THE CYMBAL advertising grows.

So, in a syllable or two, we say:

COCK - A - DOODLE - DOO!

Mission Ranch Club Opens Its Doors To Sundry and Varied Emotions

With the gala opening of the Mission Ranch Country Club last Saturday night it was announced by the management that within the next week or two membership applications would be received. The rates for membership have been fixed at $3 for an unattached male (and how many of them are there?); $2 for an unattached female (and where do you find one of them?); and $4 for a family.

Two of our staff members went to investigate this club business on the opening night and their reactions are here set forth. We are a bit mystified by the results, but here you have them. We don't advise you to decide on whether or not you'll join by what these journalistic sleuths tell you, but—anyway, the club may not have you, even though you might be favorably inclined.

ONE SIDELIGHT

From the Barn to the House.

We slipped away from the fine doings in the Mission Ranch Club's barn the other night and went over to the Clubhouse.

First, we sat down in the kitchen and chatted with Kristine and Herman. They had just fixed up an enormously refreshing supper for only something less than 400 guests, but looked as fresh as the Danish equivalent for daisies, and were full of enthusiasm over the long, happy road which we all hope the Club has set out upon. Rumors of delicate concoctions for lunch, of Kristine's pastries for tea—tea in the big room upstairs, overwatching the little hills and the sea—and of fulsome dinners á deux (we should say, for that matter, á mille) were mysteriously rife. All by appointment, so you'll know nothing has been dragged out of the warming oven.

From the kitchen, we slipped by the benignant gaze of Mr. Walker's Indians to the top floor, which we hadn't yet seen. We had thought to be alone at this, the supper, hour.

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We had such a riotous time ourselves at the opening of the Mission Ranch Club that we almost entirely neglected our professional duty to observe the antics of the other guests.

Everybody we can possibly imagine attended. Also a large number with whom we prefer not to confront ourselves in our weakened, Monday morning condition. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker were very evident, as were also many members of the misnamed leisure class; who, having made of it their life's work, find personal amusement a truly arduous occupation.

Lloyd Tevis, who seemed to be in charge of things, was ever so pleasant and went flying about making sure that everyone was having fun, as did also the stalwart Willis Walker. Leon loomed in benign majesty over the celebrants, many of whom had shed all the more decorous inhibitions, presumably, on wine punch, which was the only available liquid refreshment, be-

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CARMEL NOT TO HELP BOOST PENINSULA

Carmel businessmen, in official organization assembled, have decided that if Monterey and Pacific Grove want to spend money to advertise the charms of the Monterey Peninsula far and wide, they can jolly well go ahead and do so, but it will have to be their own money they do the spending with.

At a meeting of the Carmel Business Association in Pine Inn Tuesday night the members didn't go so far as to take any action against the so-called Tri-City Plan for advertising the three communities, but after discussions pro and con they just decided to do nothing at all

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COMSTOCK WILL BUILD ADOBE TEST HOUSE

A test house of the new adobe brick is to be constructed by Hugh Comstock, the builder, on property he has purchased at Fifteenth avenue and Carmelo street in the Mission Tract. Plans have been drawn for the house, and building will begin shortly.

Including this, a total of 11 new houses will be started in the Mission Tract within the next 30 to 60 days. Of this number, Comstock is to build five, which isn't at all a bad percentage for one builder.

Because final plans have not been decided on, it is not possible at this time to name all the property owners who are planning construction, but two of them who are ready to go ahead are Mrs. Laura Maxwell and Corum Jackson, sales manager of the tract. Jackson will build a home at the south-east corner of Dolores street and Santa Lucia.

Six of the new houses to be built will be in the block bounded by Santa Lucia, Dolores, Mission and what has been tentatively named Midvale avenue.

In all, 36 lots have been sold to date in the Mission Tract. One home has been completed and occupied, and two others are now building. Three real estate concerns, besides the Carmel Realty, the tract sub-dividers, have sold property there. They are the Thoburn Realty Company, Bostick & Wood, and Elizabeth McClung White.

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William McPhillips Dies Suddenly

William McPhillips, a resident of Carmel for 20 years, died suddenly yesterday morning at the Peninsula Community Hospital. On the recommendations of Dr. John R. Gray and Dr. R. A. Kocher, an autopsy was to be held last evening to determine the direct cause of death.

McPhillips, who was a painting contractor, was stricken a week ago with blood poisoning in one arm. The arm had swelled terribly before any action was taken toward getting medical attention and when he was admitted to the hospital it was certain that he could not live.

He was 48 years old and came to Carmel in 1918. He leaves a wife and two children. He was a member of the Manzanita and Carmel Duck Clubs. The family home is at Fifth and San Carlos streets.

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something in regard to restraining sea lions? The completely crazy beasts have moved their chortling grounds to within fifty feet of the beach line and they are hey-deying in a manner that is disturbing of the peace. We don't pretend to know what it's all about, but we do know that both daily and nightly there are considerable riotous goings-on out there in the surf. Either it's a wedding or a wake, but whether gladness or sorrow, the celebration is noisy and should come within the province of the city council. It's getting so that the soothing pound of the waves is drowned (and drowned is a swell word there) by the bark of the sea lions. Why can't Thoburn put in a three-foot *restraining* wall, some distance out and—well, he can park it in the middle and plant it to *Helichrysum petiolatum (Gnaphalium lanatum)*, or *Zaluzianskya selaginoides*, or *Buphthalmum salicifolium*, or, better still, *Mesembryanthemum aequilaterale*.

CARMEL REALLY OWES MUCH TO MONTEREY

Monterey has considerable of an argument to support its contention that Carmel should come through with a little help in the completion of the Monterey airport. Monterey has, after all, been making it possible for Carmel to be so all-fired pure and clean in heart and body. You've got to give the devil his due and, in truth, Monterey has carried just that role in its prime service to this community. In other words, Monterey has been taking Carmel's "dirt" ever since there has been a Carmel. To change the metaphor, it has been taking the rap for us, and you have to pay a guy for taking the rap for you. The only unpleasant thing we don't have Monterey handle for us is our sewage, and there's no telling but what the sanitary board will figure some way to pipe that over the hill.

We do send our garbage over there.

We let Monterey stop our tramps over there, and furnish the jungles for them.

The Southern Pacific can do all the screeching and whistling it wants to—over in Monterey. It's only a few minutes we have to stand it while waiting for a train.

The smell of industry by which some of our Carmel, Pebble Beach and Highlands residents wax Cadillac and Packardish, is safely held back at the brow of Carmel hill except on rare days when the northeast wind is overly strong.

No disturbing signs of uncerta—(skip it) morticians hang out over Ocean avenue, and ghosts find the dismal gravestones on the fading road to Del Monte.

Syncopation winds its saxophone far beyond the toll gate.

To the first capital of California we owe a deep gratitude and, THE CYMBAL thinks, a matter of $800 to help complete the airport.

(Bless us—we almost forgot Flora.) —W. K. B.

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McGAW-KNOX READINGS AGAIN POSTPONED

The reading of "Whiteoaks" and "Pride and Prejudice" by Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox at the Golden Bough Green Room has again been postponed. "Whiteoaks" will now be read on Saturday, February 13, and "Pride and Prejudice" on the following afternoon, Sunday, at 3 o'clock.

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Mrs. George L. Bare of Modesto, mother of Richard Bare, who has taken over the Filmart, has come here to make her home with her son.

Sunset School Junior Red Cross Starts Flood Relief Drive

The Junior Red Cross of Sunset School is organizing a drive, in line with its parent organization, for relief funds for the flooded areas. The drive will be under the direction of Ann Whitman, Eighth grade, chairman.

In this connection, Ernest R. Calley, shop teacher at Sunset, spoke to a Teachers' Meeting Tuesday of the aims and accomplishments of this excellent organization for the children.

Quoting Mr. Calley: "What the Junior Red Cross wants is social cooperation to the end that the children here may become acquainted with children and their environment in other lands, and that children in other lands may become acquainted with us. To this end, they act as an exchange bureau for a variety of activities—letters to children in other countries, Christmas boxes of typical American toys, dolls and doll clothes, decorative favors, pictures, etc. These are all original handiwork of the children. They also make collections of interesting local things, such as leaves and seeds, pressed flowers, and, in places like Carmel, sea shells, seaweeds and sea bird feathers. Collections of local stamps, with short descriptions of their values and use, have been added recently.

"Anything that is of interest to children and that will give children of another country a better idea of how we live, and impress upon them the fact that we have similar interests in life to theirs, is included in the exchange. Our groups will, in return, receive material from children of other countries which will help them to visualize and understand the way the children of—to them—strange places in the world, live. It is intended as a means of laying a foundation for international friendship.

"The Junior Red Cross also take care of some relief work with the funds they receive. They help in the hospitals with recreational materials—cribbage boards, cards, other game boards, flower vases, ash trays, etc. Many of these things are being made in the school shops."

Woman's Club Hears Discussion Of "The Munitions Makers"

"The Munitions Makers" was the topic under discussion Wednesday morning at the regular meeting of the Current Events Section of the Woman's club. Mrs. Lawrence M. Knox presented realistic portraits of the monsters, who, she hastened to explain, are not bad in themselves, necessarily, but only the end product of a bad system. These vignettes had been made up from a careful reading of Walter Millis' *Road to War* and from *Merchants of Death*, by Englebrecht, Helmuth Carol and Hanighen.

Interspersed in a review of the appalling statistics in lives lost, money spent and men disabled in the last war, Mrs. Knox reiterated over and over again, in her quietly dramatic way, the need for looking ahead for signs such as we should have seen long before 1914, but either did not see, or did not heed. Who, for instance, are making, and buying, munitions now? Cannot we sharpen our senses to detect war propaganda, etc.? She pointed out that in 1823 the Duponts began selling arms and powder to the South—to be used almost 40 years later; that a large section of the press, and, in some so-called free countries, the movies even, are controlled by the men who deal, indirectly, in the business of human slaughter; that men like Morgan and Dupont have recovered every penny loaned to foreign countries during the late war, while the national War Debt is going by default; and that we are now arming the very men we will fight in the next war—the alleged next war.

The Club members were urged to watch present and impending legislation on the neutrality and arms-aid questions.

One in the audience asked, "What can *we* do specifically?" and was promised by the chairman that her question would be answered in the not-too-distant future by a distinguished guest.

The next meeting of the Current Events Section, scheduled for Wednesday, February 10, was tentatively set ahead to Tuesday, February 9. Watch THE CYMBAL for further exact information.

Mission Ranch Club Opens Its Doors To Sundry and Varied Emotions

ONE SIDELIGHT

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When we reached the door we were stopped suddenly by a picture—seated before the open fire of an old Franklin stove were four of the loveliest ladies we ever remeber to have seen at one time. Our hostess, of course, among them. Their beauty, the blending of their garment colors, and back of them the fanciful great rose bush which Mrs. Clinton Walker had washed on to the wall, a pervading sense of everything being perfect, will always add to that lovely room, the still more gracious sense of personalities.

We hope the Mission Ranch Club achieves its goal—that of furnishing a sort of second home and recreation center for those of us who live at a little distance from the dollar sign. This is frankly its aim. There may be no place like home and no cooking like Mother's, but those things get us all pretty down now and then. "Let's go to the Club." Suddenly, like that. And the chops we bought for dinner pop into the cooler for tomorrow and life begins at the foot of Dolores street. —D. M.

ANOTHER ONE

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cause the club has not yet obtained a liquor license.

Our eagle eye did, however, detect several bottles under tables. We were thus reminded of the dear dead days of prohibition, and of our misspent youth.

We neglected, much to our shame, even to look at the club house. But we are reliably informed that there are pictures of Indians, belonging to Mabel Dodge Luhan, all over the walls, which seems to us to be an excellent place for Mabel to have her Indians.

We are further informed that there are large yellow bows in very unnecessary places. On the lamp shades and such. But there are always addicts to such furbelows, who, starting with the premise that one bow is seductive, conclude that six bows are, necessarily, sheer ravishment.

The club is going to have an indoor and an outdoor badminton court, a swimming pool, and tennis courts. The dues are very reasonable and it should be a wonderful recreational center. —P. F. L.

Sunset Gets Flag In Basketball

Arthur Hull's quintuplets are strutting around with laurel twining their brows. Masquerading under the name of the Sunset School Lightweight Basketball team they leaned on five young fellows from Seaside school last Friday until the score board read 18 to 4 and New Monterey thought there was an earthquake. The temblor, shaking to the accompaniment of "Are we happy? Yea—a Bo!" was caused by the fact that the athletic angel who records championships marked up one against the name of the Sunseteers. It has been a perfect season, every basketball team that could be mustered from every grammar school within shooting distance on the Monterey peninsula having beaten its several brows on gymnasium floors in obeisance to our boys in red and blue.

The quintuplets who finished the season in this wise are registered in the vital statistics bureau at Salinas as Irving Parker, center; George DeAmaral and Donald Berry, forwards; Bob Frolli and George Gossler, guards. At various times during the season others who saw service with the lightweights are Jones, Coffin, Dick Williams, Monty Stearns and Gerald Ray.

Most of these stars will be graduated to the Monterey High in June, but it is expected that the aspiring Midget team, now in intense training, will be able to step into their stockings.

The victors, besides having a pennant thrust upon them, will be granted each a block "S" and were, on Wednesday of this week, the recipients of a dinner served by the school Foods Class. The former will undoubtedly set well on their chests, and we hope the latter set as well on their stomachs.

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NO BACH REHEARSALS THIS WEEK-END

There will be no rehearsals for the Bach Festival this week-end, but rehearsals will be held as usual Sunday and Monday, February 7 and 8, from 8 till 10 p.m. in the first grade building of the Sunset School, entrance on Tenth street. Music of the *Gottes Zeit* cantata, ordered from the east, is expected any day now.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kingsland are in Santa Barbara on a visit.

Legion Will Hear Judge Advocate

Carmel Post, American Legion, is to have a Big Shot come down and address its members this next Monday evening. He is Eugene D. Bennett, judge advocate of the State department of the Legion. He will stand up before the assembled multitude of Legionnaires at the local clubhouse at 8 p.m. on the date as set forth above.

This is the first time that a state officer of the Legion has visited the Carmel Post since its organization. Special plans are being made by the program chairman, Corum Jackson, to make it an outstanding meeting.

Judge Bennett is a prominent attorney in San Francisco and a fine speaker. He is well acquainted with the activities of the Legion.

All War Veterans, whether members of the Legion or not, are urged to be present at this meeting.

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Dr. Arnold Genthe, late of Carmel, San Francisco and New York, was in Carmel over the last week-end, at La Playa Hotel, not far from where he lived for so long some years ago. He was accompanied here from San Francisco by Dr. M. R. Alanson.

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75 CENTS
YOU GET YOUR STEAK FIRST—WITH THE SALAD
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M. C. SAMPSON TELEPHONE 161

Rembrandt
with Charles Laughton
will open the new
Filmarte Theatre
Friday, February 5

Red Cross Raises $1500 For Flood Region Victims

Ignoring grandly its quota of $120 for flood relief, the Carmel Chapter of American Red Cross had raised $1500 up to yesterday and this total probably will be considerably swelled during the week-end.

A. P. Halle, treasurer, yesterday forwarded this amount to the national headquarters.

On receipt Monday of the appeal from Admiral Cary T. Grayson, head of the Red Cross, the Carmel forces were quickly organized by C. W. Lee, chairman.

It has been emphasized that, due to the difficulties of transportation, no clothing or other articles are needed from the Peninsula. Only money is being asked for.

The Junior Red Cross has asked that it might assist and it will make placing of street stands for collections during today and tomorrow an appeal to the school children for pennies.

Chairman Lee is considering the and added donations are expected to result from these.

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MRS. MARY G. BURTON 91 YEARS OLD

Mrs. Mary G. Burton celebrated her 91st birthday yesterday at her home on Dolores street. One might say that Mrs. O. W. Bardarson, her neighbor, materially assisted her in this by acting as hostess to a gathering of 70 guests at a birthday party.

Mrs. Burton, who came here from Pasadena six years ago, has made many more than 70 friends since her coming, but you can't invite half a village, even the size of Carmel, to a birthday party.

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FRANCIS WHITAKER STARTS CLASS AT FORGE

Two pairs of admiring eyes stared up at Francis Whitaker last Tuesday morning as he swung his hammer down onto the anvil in true blacksmith style. Nothing escaped those eager eyes as Francis heated and shaped the iron to a finished piece, the blows ringing sharp and clean like the morning air. Two boys waited the chance to show what they had already learned. Donald Prager and Peter Gillingham had had their first lesson in forging at the Forge in the Forest.

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BLANDING AND CREAGER ARE OFF AGAIN

Don Blanding and Scott Creager have gone traipsing off on another lecture bout. They left last Saturday from in front of the post office, to drive to San Antonio, Beaumont and Austin, Texas. They are returning by way of Carlsbad Caverns, Taos and the Grand Canyon. They'll probably say a word here and there about Blanding's poems.

Before they left they had guests in Carmel—Miss Jean Redlen, editor, and John Richard Finch, feature writer for the *Five Star Weekly*, which a lot of newspapers give away with their Sunday edition. Blanding has contracted to do a series of something for the Weekly and to provide it with six covers.

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Mrs. C. A. Laystrom of Chicago, house guest of Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Brownell, was guest of honor at a dinner party given at Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach, last Sunday night by Bernie McMenamin. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Gergen, Mrs. Dorothy Fauntleroy.

Our Correspondent Has Grave Doubts About Any "Mass Psychiatry"

It remains our conviction that, while there is definitely such a thing as mass psychology, there is not, and cannot be, any such thing as mass psychiatry. Right here we make it clear that we heard only the last of Dr. Marsh's lectures—"The Seven Marks of Maturity." But detailed reports on the others have not changed this opinion.

Also, we are not visually minded, and the ritual of the seven candles looked to us like the very kind of thing our own psychiatrist might scoff at mightily. Definitely, we shall steer clear of the business of getting out a bowl and trying, even in pantomime, to clean up this our admittedly soiled and frangible old heart. In the first place, our bowls are more frangible than our heart and, secondly, we paraphrase Hendrik Van Loon's famous line to read: "A dirty heart is a perpetual solace."

But, taking this somewhat petty fleer off our face, we now confess that we did get something out of the lecture. And, since we stand by the theory that whatever a psychiatrist has to give is of necessity strictly personal, we are going to offer our own testimony and let it go at that.

For the benefit of you who did not attend, here is a brief catalogue of what Dr. Marsh considers the seven marks of maturity: 1. Thrift. 2. Happiness. 3. Articulacy. 4. Emotional Agility. 5. Intelligence. 6. Health. 7. Lovableness. It is, perhaps, not important that one or two of our pet concepts of maturity, such as Responsibility, Probity and others that we cannot seem to fit into the foregoing scheme, are omitted. It is possible we are splitting rhetorical hairs, anyway, so we shall get on with our story.

Take Number Two. Now, Dr. Marsh says that Happiness is possible to us all, and here we understand him. We, ourselves, are a fortunate, happy person. There practically has never been a time in our lives, when, by letting go the tension and laying hold of whatever simple, living thing there happens to be about us, we cannot achieve a vital sort of joy. Suddenly, in the midst of pain or just a dull hour, we are suffused with a tumultuous, rich sense of joy, a clanging of our inner cymbals, an exaltation beggaring description. It fills us up and bursts us out of bounds and then we are humble and have pity. We seldom speak of this—it sounds rather silly. But we have probed into many people only to learn the sad fact that few of them know what we are talking about. We realize, as well as the next one, that we live in a Vale of Tears; that the meter readers of the P. G. & E. are invariably recruited from some institution for the blind and capitalistically optimistic, and that, alas! our New York *Times* never by any chance slips in anything that isn't fit to print. But there we are, every now and then, re-cognizant of that uprush of mysterious vitality which is supposed, if at all, to be an attribute of the very young.

Now, to our infinite relief, Dr. Marsh has put it down as a mark of maturity. And, what is more, he has placed his finger on the very spring of its being.

Our Family Style was Joy.

We do not remember that we were ever told that a thing, an action, or any given thought, was funny or beautiful. But we learned very early the geography of our Mother's face. We doubt if a child can be deceived about this one thing. Quite well we remember the first time we had her face to ponder clearly. We were at Grandfather's farm up in the Mink Hills. One morning, at the penetrant odor of Grandpa's early morning fire—birch bark seeping up our nostrils—we had slipped out of bed and down the back stairs, for our Grandfather was a kind of idol to us. We backed up to him and got buttoned, and then, while he went to do the milking, he furnished us with a large pan of mixed mash and sawdust and set us down among the hens. In an instant they were all over us; we were flat on our back and were being vigorously pecked at. Atop our four-year-old chest perched an old mean tempered rooster, calling his flock. We thought we were going to die—until, looking up, we saw through the mass of feathers, our mother's face. The little chicken feet around her eyes were crinking up. She was laughing. But she was not only laughing, she was doubling up with glee. Did we need to be told to be brave—that silly admonition? No. We laughed, too. We laughed at the blood on our wrist. We laughed at our silly Mother. We laughed at the funny hens. We rolled on our back and looked up at the sky through the elm boughs and knew for the first time about the funny world.

Her gift of joy never failed—though some of her days were thin days, indeed. When she died, she left behind her, her certain immortality.

So it is true, what the good psychiatrist said. The fashion of being happy can be Your Family Style. And we are no longer ashamed to say that, in our maturity, we often recapture whole the feeling of the immeasurable grandeur and humor of things as it was recorded by small daily experiences on the face of a woman who was seldom in her life beyond the boundaries of her home state.

—L. S.

Filmarte Theatre Will Open Again On February 5

Carmel should welcome the announcement of Richard Bare that he has leased from Ted Kuster the Filmarte Theatre and will open it next Friday evening with the presentation of "Rembrandt," starring Charles Laughton. Bare has the temerity to run this picture for an entire week. We hope he's right, but only on rare occasions have week stands been remunerative. "Rembrandt," of course, is a rare film and it is possible that a seven-day showing will pan out successfully.

Bare, an experienced and enthusiastic theater man, is making several improvements in the interior of the little theater, among them the installation of loge seats in the rear. But more to the point, and bespeaking congratulations for him, in his determination to continue Kuster's policy of fewer and better films. While he will pick the cream of the second-run pictures, he will also give us first-run films of the higher quality.

"Rembrandt," it should be noted, was produced and directed by Alexander Korda who, with Charles Laughton in the star role, gave us "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

It's warmer!

In fact, they say it's the warmest, most cheerful place in town . . downstairs the fireplace burns brightly and hot drinks are favorites . . upstairs the glowing warmth and our famous Mexican dishes are further reasons why folks so enjoy The Snack these chilly days . . .

Look at these prices!

Band Instruments

NEW PIANO ACCORDIONS
with case
$35.00

NEW TRUMPETS
Silver plated—with case
$39.50

NEW CLARINETS
$37.50 and up

VIOLINS $7.50 and up

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Any instrument may be purchased on Easy Terms

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490 ALVARADO STREET • MONTEREY
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Agency for Steinway and all fine pianos

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WE HAVE ADOPTED THE
TRU-SHEEN
METHOD OF GLEANING
It...
MOTH PROOFS
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DEODORIZES
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No soap—No alkali—No ammonia—No fatty acid
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It is now our regular service . . . it costs you no more . . . and we will be glad to tell you more about it

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DOLORES STREET • TELEPHONE 242

The Carmel Cymbal

VOL. 6 No. 5

January 29, 1937

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of January 22) was as follows:

Paid Subscribers (In Carmel shopping radius)	314
Paid Subscribers (Outside shopping radius)	63
Newsstand Sales	59
Total	436
Gain over previous week	23

TEN YEARS AGO *this week*

From The Cymbal, January 26, 1927

Begins a story on Page One:

. . "With a blare of bugles and rumble of drums, literally speaking, the 1927 series of the Abalone League was opened last Sunday afternoon at the Del Monte Polo field with two big double-headers filling the bill."

The standing of the clubs showed that in the Coastline Series, the Tigers and the Pirates walloped the Giants and the Reds, and in the Highline Series, the Cowboys and the Eskimos fell on the White Sox. Jo Mora's Cowboys didn't land any too heavily, as the story records they beat the White Sox by only one run.

Names that run through the tale of baseball prowess include Don Hale, Tom Douglass, Hal Selby, George Ball, Charlie Van Ryper, Fred Godwin and Charlie Frost.

. . Dick Boke bagged "one of the largest wild cats seen in the Carmel district for a long time", says an item. And to go on: "Monday evening Dick was seen arriving in Carmel from his trip up the valley with his gun, four hounds, his bull dog, the wild cat and Billy Heron." We forget where he found Billy Heron, but we suppose just on the way, just on the way.

. . A headline:

"MR. AND MRS. TAD STINSON TO JOIN CARMEL SHOPKEEPERS."

Remember those two delightful nuts opening that shop on Dolores Street near where the Pine Cone office is now? They called it "The Stool Pigeon" and Rem Remsen made them a ducky sign—a pigeon head and body with three legs like a stool's. And they put in a lot of Dutch furniture (God knows where they got it) and Dutch baubles and bagatelles. (Anyway, they said they were Dutch—we don't want to get any rise out of Tilly on this—they *said* they were.) And they always had a jug of wine or something hidden in one of the drawers of one of the cabinets, or wardrobes, or whatever you call 'em. And they did make money, occasionally. But there was a baby and Tad was awful busy going places, and Elisa couldn't just sit and sit and wait for customers. But it was a nice shop—for the Stinson intimates, anyway, and the Stinsons, bless 'em, had lots of intimates.

. . Bob Stanton was "laid out cold" twice within a few minutes at what was called the "golf course of the Country Club". He fell over a hazard, or something, and went out, so 'twas said, and then just as he was coming to, a Good Samaritan golfer, running up to render aid, let go his mashie and cracked Bob on the dome. He went out again. There is nothing in the story reporting him having come to a second time, but we saw him on Ocean avenue last Sunday, so we guess he must have at some point in the last ten years. The story ends:

"Yes—that tall, very good-looking man standing at the corner is Mr. Stanton."

We're re-printing that last, Jinny, just for your sake. But he isn't so much on the looks, now, is he—or is he?

. . There was an editorial regarding the "possible divorce of the Forest Theater from the control of the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts". That must have been an interlocutory decree. It has been ten years to the final.

. . Dora Hagemeyer moved her library downtown. It was called the Woodside Library, and it was right next to where she lives now on San Carlos street. She moved down to a house where the Monte Verde apartments are now, or next to that, and lots of people liked that, because of the books and particularly because of Dora.

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LIAL STUDIO PROMISES TO TEACH YOU TO PLAY ANYTHING

When Margaret Lial makes the statement that "anyone can play a musical instrument if he or she can hear," she is undoubtedly referring to the whole world and ignoring us. We can hear, but even Miss Lial, with her corps of expert teachers, couldn't teach us to beat a drum.

But it probably goes for all the rest of you when she declares that with the proper training and desire, and just the slightest bit of patience, it is easy to learn to play almost anything that makes music.

She is, we are told, proving it with classes in the violin, piano, organ, flute, clarinet, saxophone, accordion, string bass and, even the lowly harmonica, in her well-equipped studios above her music shop in Monterey.

On her teaching staff is Dante Perfumo who has played in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, spent three years at the Conservatory of Music in Paris, and four years at the conservatory in Milan.

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The Perry Newberrys were in town the other day looking up old friends and nibbling at house lots. They had been up in the mountains to see snow.

CARMEL CAPERS

Think of it, children, your old Auntie has only been writing for you two weeks and already she has a fan letter!

Not only that but he thinks us very clever indeed and wants to know how old we are and what we look like.

Dear, dear, shall we spare him the ghastly details, or shall we tell all?

All right, here goes:

We stand at the brink of that fascinating age between childhood and womanhood; we stand on the threshold, we have said, but rather more of us is on one side than the other and there is a very great deal of us indeed. We hang, in fact, in gentle folds. But, so as not to confuse our dear public, or present a problem, we wear a chaste and seemly black ribbon, between our third chin and our first billow.

We manage in this way to eliminate all confusion, and to preserve our essential, girlish sweetness.

Our eyes are definitely our best feature. That is, discounting our powerful intellect, which is unmistakably paramount.

We have one brown, and one blue eye, so as to satisfy all tastes. Our enemies think us somewhat promiscuous in our habits. We, personally, class ourselves as merely versatile.

Although we are undeniably brilliant, we are admittedly somewhat deficient in formal education, as our father always said: "Is my daughter beautiful or should she be educated?" The poor man was very myopic!

We are always pleasant, often sated, but never satisfied.

Further information can undoubtedly be secured from our Editor, though we prefer to preserve some slight aura of mystery.

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Noted, among those present Friday night in the Del Monte Grill, was the usually buoyant Ray Burns. He seemed, however, quite unconscious of his gala surroundings, and oblivious even to the charms of Carmel's fairest flower, the ingenuous Nancy Cocke. This deplorable abstraction was due, not to the usual much abused stimuli, but to his very deep absorption in the pages of our own little CYMBAL. Powers to charm indeed!

An ex-Carmel bartender has now opened a place of his own in Monterey. Says he: "How are all the folks over the hill? You know, when I first came to Carmel I thought they'd all be nuts like I'd heard. But, you know, they're pretty regular at that."

Congratulations, children, you've evidently been good and kept out from under the rugs! Or mayhap our bartender friend has adopted the "he's not drunk I saw him move" philosophy of local bottle-scarred veterans.

The appearance of Bill MacAdams any time before four p.m. is in itself a brief against evil living.

We have heard many comments, though as yet have received no written complaints, on what local rustics refer to as his "bicycle pants"—latest from Harvard, to you.

We are moved, by the way, to observe that Harvard is the best preparation known to us for being a "Harvard man".

Freddie Nagel, charming young wielder of the baton at Del Monte, can play every instrument in his band. Mama and Papa Nagel should have made a really concerted effort and produced quintuplets for a five-piece orchestra.

Hermann's is to the Monterey Peninsula what Reuben's was to old New York. It is also comparable to Heaven or Hell, inasmuch as that sooner or later one there encounters all of one's most fickle friends and staunchest enemies.

Whatever may have been the seven deadly virtues referred to by our favorite epigrammatist, Oscar Wilde, they are happily not overevident in these blithely pagan parts.

We shall, with commendable nobility, refrain from obvious and feline comment relative to Marie Short's broken jaw and her propensity for verbal gymnastics, and extend simple and sincere sympathy.

Sometimes the beauty of our nature brings tears to our eyes!

Only the zealous loyalty of a martyr to the legend of Sunny California could cause Lloyd Tevis to sport a sun helmet in the pouring rain.

Since his spectacular profits in two and a half shares of All American Barbed Wire, a certain erstwhile Communist has become an equally rabid capitalist; and will freely air his views on the merits of the profit system to any one who will listen and to many who will not.

—L. L.

HITCH-HIKING SEA LION GETS HALF WAY UP CARMEL HILL

Motorists on their way up the Carmel Hill with this village as their destination are accustomed to the thumbs of hitch-hikers, but the fins of hitch-hikers is something else again.

That explains why everybody stopped on the hill yesterday at noon, everybody going both ways. The traffic was blocked, and just because of one lonely hitch-hiker who hitched, or hiked, with a fin instead of a thumb.

It was Seeley the Sea Lion, from the Winston trained sea lion collection on the old Wolf ranch near the Castroville highway. When Seeley stopped the traffic he was several miles from his late home, and he was hitting it for Carmel and the blue-green waters off the Carmel beach.

Having watched the freedom and joy and silliness of these sea lions down off our beach, we can understand Seeley's desire to join them. Restraint is not for sea lions and as against what the Winston organization has Carmel offers them the whole wide ocean. Seeley must have known this, but he didn't make it. Vic Renslow of the Humane Society lassooed him and took him back to restraint.

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Dashing ever so blithely up the steps to a friend's studio yester morning, we were confronted by a sign on the door which read, as nearly as we could make it out: "The owner is hanging inside."

Announcing
the opening
of
CARMEL STUDIO POTTERY
MISSION STREET
bet. 5th and 6th
Visitors are welcome
. . . and finished work is on display
CLASSES IN POTTERY ARE BEING FORMED
Henry B. Dickinson
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JOHAN HAGEMEYER
Camera Portraits
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TECHAU INN
A dandy place to hesitate!
Choice Liquors and Sandwiches. Your favorite cocktail—mixed by a crackerjack mixologist, Bill Arnold, late of the Deauville Club and Palace Hotel, San Francisco
TWO MILES FROM MONTEREY ON THE LEFT SIDE OF CASTROVILLE HIGHWAY

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY
presents
Richard Crooks
Tenor
Sat. Evening, Feb. 6 at 8:30 sharp
at the Sunset School Auditorium
Post Season Tickets for the three remaining concerts are priced at $6.00 or $4.50. Single tickets range from $3.00 to 75 cents
On Sale at THOBURN'S, Carmel 62 or Mrs. Flanders, Carmel 22

CLANGING CYMBALS

We still do not more than half believe this ourselves, but, the other morning, fired by a zeal that you might have your CYMBAL piping hot, we arose by candlelight and fared forth into what could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be called the dawn. It was black night. Carmel lay under the rich pall of the morning stars. The light over Kelly's gate was burning. Two cats sat face to face outside Stella's Cottages, and we felt that the twain would presently meet. One other footstep was abroad on whatever ghoulish mission such hours admit. The socks and drawers in Conrad Imelman's window seemed to be engaged in those delectable sussurrations associated with intimacy. And Mr. Ewig's Antipasto lay, without gastronomic qualm, in the belly of this pregnant hour.

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Oh dear!. Enough of that!

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What with the motion picture and the isotype, some things most dear to our hearts bid fair to pancake to earth one of these days in a remote spot in a sort of spiritual Utah, and never be heard of again. Such as these rubiginous words of ours. For another of history's great cycles has swung, and human communication seems once more to be narrowing down (or opening up) to the dominance of pictorial discourse.

Somewhat appalled by these reflections, we found considerable comfort in being shown around among the moving picture cameras at the Carmel Drug Store. We were not so discouraged, after all, at the prospect of sending our dear ones, not a letter made of awkward words, but a small roll of film. For instance, we did try to describe an artichoke farm to our Father—naturally with no real success. But a moving picture of us picking an artichoke—now . . .

We can advise you personally how much fun these cameras are. Packed away in an ancient Connecticut barn, we have some motion pictures of ourself. Cavorting in our first backless pajamas. Having tea served by our elegant Octavia to elegant ladies and gentlemen on our lawn, while our two black cats, *Anthracite* and *Bituminous*, lolled elegantly at our feet; whizzing up the drive in our large, glistening roadster. Those pictures are the lone, unhocked memo of our own Once Upon A Time. And, believe us, when Aunt Lynda has become an horrendous old hag to her seven (come eleven in June) nieces and nephews, will she drag out those pictures to show. (And will they get a laff!). Well, what's wrong with leaving posterity a laugh?

Our ascetic Mr. Burk himself explained to us that these cameras are made by the Bell and Howell people (for whom he is the sole Peninsular agent) who make over 90 per cent of all motion picture cameras. They certainly are delovely .

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But we promised ourselves that we would note down here, for historical record, the story of the isotype—that new language of pictorial symbols which has been developed by Dr. Otto Neurath in Vienna to take the place of words. If we did not have, from unimpeachable sources, the assurance that this phenomenon is already becoming a standard method of international speech, we should certainly pass it over with haste as too terrible in its implications. But it looks as if we may have to put away our precious dictionaries some day and face this thing. So we mean to get ourselves on record as being in favor of it. To give you an idea, we quote the New York *Times*: "The isotypes themselves, the individual signs, are the essence of simplicity. Everything is reduced to its bones. (We are certain we shall be.) Human figures have no faces—just heads: no hands; just arms. (This will be a distinct help to us, who could not draw a picture of a hand if put to slow torture.) Merely by his hat—or lack of it—does an isotype identify a white man, a Latin American Indian, a negro . . . A shoe is a silhouette (of a shoe). Put the shoe in a rectangle and we have the symbol for a shoe factory. If smoke comes out of the chimney (of a rectangle) and the doors are open, the factory is busy . . . A pile of coins stands for 'money'." (Pardon us, Mr. Sulzberger, but to us a pile of coins is money.)

Well, you see, you go on like that. Try it. Put a claw in the silhouette of a fish and you have the story of Sir Thomas Sargent, our cat, eating our dinner.

One paragraph from the *Times* we are going to quote without a sign of a smile—with, let us say, two parallel, short lines meaning a frown of concentration on our brow.

"Isotypes have already demonstrated their pedagogic value in schools abroad. 'Given good pictures, we are not so dependent on good teachers,' says Neurath. 'Also, we limit the amount of harm that a bad teacher can do.' . . . Because isotype pictures are self-explanatory, the burden on the good teacher is lightened. *And education becomes truly democratic.*" [Italics ours.]

You could make a good parlor game out of this, at any rate. Try sending a telegram. Perhaps the infallible Western Union knows all the isotypes, and how to wed them to wave lengths.

It seems this Dr. Neurath, who is papa to the isotype, even signs his letters with the picture of an elephant, being, himself, a 200-pounder. Well, we may be, as Mr. Noah Webster insists, "a large, strong, but cowardly, nocturnal, carnivorous mammal", but we can't draw a picture of a hyena, with or without hands.

Sometimes we wish the Chinese weren't always right.

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Let us relax. A friend was showing a young miss the sights of Monterey. "Here," she pointed out, "is the old whaling station. The sidewalk is entirely paved with whalebone." "My grandmother," the Young Miss said gravely, "was also paved with whalebone."

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Mr. George Gershwin popped into the Fraser Looms to have a few arpeggios and a pizzicato or two run up for him on those wooden things that turn out, under Mrs. Fraser's expert manipulation, such wondrous ties. He even was wearing one made him by Mrs. Fraser last year—a delicater tribute than many. We were practically floored by the Who's Who of Fraser Cravats—Clark Gable, the airplane man, Boeing, and so on. There is even one man with a marvelously unprintable name, who, Mrs. Fraser vaguely supposes, is now stewing in the pokey. She didn't say it that way, but it is possible that she does not, indeed, read her Damon Runyan as this doll does.

—LYNDA SARGENT

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS

By JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Blue Askew (so named because of his unusual blue eyes), assistant to William Askew, competent superintendent of streets, was originally a sheep herder in Australia. He has made it his avocation to supervise the planting of shrubbery in the new strips on Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Dolores. Blue hopes to induce the Powers-that-Be to include in the planting something as adequate as the temporary trees that lined Ocean avenue during the holidays.

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One of the belles of the village was seen about, sporting a gaily-colored cold weather wrap suggestive of St. Moritz. The wrap was made to order for her and was oh, so smart, though the chic of the ensemble was marred by the pink bow she wore in her hair.

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A number of the smart set were in San Francisco over the week-end where they attended the annual show of the Golden Gate Kennel Club.

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The population of the village was astir over the arrival of several young bloods who are planning a hunting trip to Slate Creek if they can secure as guide young "Wildcat" Harlan who always trees his lion.

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The marriage of Domino Yates has been postponed indefinitely. Domino, like the gentleman he is, would not make a statement, but it is rumored that Miss Reggio, the lady in the case, changed her mind.

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We are not superstitious but we have a premonition that we will be embarrassed if our owners disregard the signs barring us from various grocery shops, meat markets, etc., in Carmel.

+

The Protective League for the Underdog has had called to its attention the small, undernourished dachshund seen trotting about the village. The League has been unable to determine whether he is a transient or a permanent resident and just who is responsible for the little fellow.

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Nigger, who objects much to being classed with horses and who, by the facetious has been dubbed "Baby", is seen daily going back and forth on Ocean avenue with his clientele of blondes.

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Scrappy Blamey, late of the Rogue River Valley in Oregon, is to make Carmel his permanent home, or Carmel hereabouts, one should say. He is moving up the valley shortly.

Our New Phone Directory Arrives

The new telephone directory's cover matches one of Eleanor Yates' best shades of hosiery.

But that's not the most interesting thing about it.

It records, page after page, for Carmel, Pebble Beach and the Highlands, exactly 168 more exchanges than its predecessor of last February.

And still that's not the most interesting thing about it.

On Page 32 it states in so many words, column one, six lines from the bottom, that if you call 844-W, Mrs. Coral Wreath Sly will say "hello"—if she's at home.

That, we declare, is the most interesting thing about it, and the most fascinating.

It is of only secondary and third-ary interest that the Quality Meat Market still stands alone as the only subscriber under the letter 'Q' and that the A D H Co. begins the list while A. Zunino ends it.

You *might* be interested in knowing that there are twelve girl operators on the payroll at the Carmel exchange and that at the peak two hours, from 9 to 11 a.m., five of them are working at the same time.

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DR. MacDOUGAL LEAVES FOR IMPORTANT EASTERN TRIP

Dr. D. T. MacDougal is leaving today for a trip to the East. His first stop will be at Tucson for conferences at the Desert Laboratory, which he founded in 1903 and of which, with the Coastal Laboratory in Carmel, he is the director. In Washington, D. C., he will confer with "Science Service", the bureau providing newspapers throughout the country with notes on scientific ganize "Science Service" and was for years on the board of trustees. From there he goes to Baltimore to give the annual Dohme University Lecture in Botany at Johns Hopkins. The subject of this lecture is to be "Auxins, or Growth-promoting Substances which have properties similar to pituitary secretions in man."

From Baltimore Dr. MacDougal goes on to New York to attend meetings of the board of managers of the New York Botanical Gardens of which he has been a member for a long time. On his return journey he will stop off at St. Louis for a conference on dendrographic measurements of trees which is in progress at that place. He expects to be back in Carmel by Washington's Birthday.

TOM AND JERRY TIME . . . or anytime it's

JESS'

424 Alvarado Street

Elks' Building in Uptown Monterey

THE OLDEST BARBER SHOP IN TOWN—YET THE NEWEST

PAUL'S

NEXT TO THE LIBRARY

PAUL MERCURIO to say nothing of COURT ARNE

ROASTS EXTRAORDINARY

Fancy cuts to fit your budget

WEAVER'S

Mission Meat Market

Telephone Carmel 1130-w

TONIGHT

ART AWARD

The artist, whose painting on display in the lobby of the theatre has received the most votes, will be awarded the Silver Cup at 7:45

. . . AND THE FEATURE PICTURE IS

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY

This picture has been endorsed by many women's clubs and by Juvenile Court judges of New York, Chicago, and many other cities

CARMEL THEATRE

Special Price on

MILL BLOCKS

while we are unloading a car these next few days

$13 A CORD DELIVERED

$7 FOR HALF A CORD

Plaza Fuel Company

Telephone 180

Who Are Teaching Our Children?

R. J. GALE

We give you—Mr. Gale.

Mentor of the Sixth Grade at Sunset School and definite asset to this community.

The curtain rises to discover a confused young man in an orphanage in New York City. Under his charge were homeless children of from 8 to 14—that plastic age, Mr. Gale believes, when it is a keenly sorry thing to be an orphan. Characteristically, Mr. Gale's first thought was that these boys and girls didn't get around enough. So he—hick that he was in the Big Town—organized a party of 25 to view the city from the Woolworth Tower. Well, he got them up there all right and the amazing city about and beneath so fascinated him and his charges that they stayed until the roof closed for the day. But he hadn't heard of the Rush Hour. It took him from five until six to get his brood down to the ground. And, wait. They are not back at the Orphanage yet. It seems that, in trying to board a rush hour El, they somehow got divided—some in front, some behind. And when he got the front half home, he discovered the train had split somewhere and the rear half were God-knew-where. At one A.M. the last of his precious little orphans came straggling in.

The next scene is set right here in Sunset School. Now, when we mention a thing twice in our jottings, you may know we are going to harp on it. And this is the second time we have talked about history-mindedness. We believe with all our hearts and with all our mind—so help us God—that the long view is the beginning of all that is wise and necessary. We are often discouraged about this, since we find so many really nice people who cannot look backward beyond their fathers' shillalaghs nor forward any farther than tomorrow's roast. But right here in our midst, Mr. Gale is teaching his Sixth Graders that there was once Fear and Hatred on the earth, even worse than it is today, and because it was so much worse then, we need never lose sight of the fact that tomorrow and tomorrow it is possible for it to grow better. We believe, with Mr. Gale, that if this one thing is dinned into a child of eight over and over again—if he is put onto the stage in the role of Fear, slinking along the dark tracks of the primitive world in primitive hate of man and all the beasts, in the first act—and then, in the last, set about a table to thrash out exciting international issues, that he will never forget that lesson. Also, Mr. Gale knows that his boys and girls will never learn better than by putting them behind footlights. The idea of Peace and Brotherhood must be translated into action—and action that competes favorably in a child's mind with the idea of a good, rousing stick-up.

If you don't watch out, ol' miserable World, a few people like Mr. Gale will have created an irrefrangible concept of Peace within America's gates and we can turn your machine guns into a device for eliminating carrots—greatly to our personal satisfaction.

Soft-spoken (an excellent thing in man); well-travelled, the author of two books and fourteen plays; intensely cognizant of the theatre, both as student and auditor, Mr. Gale likes to remember the voice and presence of the great Duse; the time Mrs. Fiske forgot her cue and then explained simply to the audience that she had got tired from rehearsing and had fallen asleep in her dressing room; and the morning when, returning on an early boat from Europe, he went window-shopping up Fifth Avenue and saw his own book on *Child Training* displayed prominently in Brentano's.

One of his treasures is a letter from a former Carmel boy—"Dear Mr. Gale, Now that I am seventeen and have tasted Life and know what it is all about . . ."

So—we give you Mr. Gale.

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DOGS ARE NOTIFIED THEY MUST AVOID STORES

"No Dogs Allowed in Food Stores or Restaurants" greets you on neat white cards whenever you step into an establishment of that kind now. The council's "food protection" promulgation is in effect and although most people don't seem to know it, it is the dog owner and not the restaurant or food store proprietor who goes to jail or pays a fine if the ordinance is violated.

As we have on occasion informed you, the law makes it possible for the store owner to give you fair warning without, it is hoped, jeopardizing his congenial relations with you. In other words, he can say, with what we hope is impunity: "Lady, it's your funeral."

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BLANDING GETS REPLY

Dear CYMBAL:

Anent the gay crack about "our vagabond poet was more the stuff of dreams without the kitchen apron," I quit being dream stuff when I jumped from 190 to 218 pounds in weight. "Taste makes waist", and, feller, I like tasting. Aloha nooky wow.

—DON BLANDING

To which we have the CAPERS columnist's answer:

Dear Mr. Blanding:

We have made a fairly intensive study on the pleasures of the stomach versus those of the flesh and have repeatedly concluded that it is ill-advised ever to allow one's appetite to interfere with one's appetites. We never attempt to make converts, but we *do* have fun.

—L. L.

\+ + +

BERT HERON TALKS AWAY ABOUT STAGE SETTINGS

Bert Heron seems to be doing a lot of talking here and about lately, and we can't figure out just how much it amounts to, but we will record that last Friday night he went clear over to Salinas and told the Salinas Community Players about stage settings—you know, the esthetic side of stage settings, atmosphere stage settings, if you know what we mean. He came back with the information that they plan to produce "Dover Road" over there pretty soon. He didn't say what they thought about his talk on stage settings.

Artist To Get Cup At Carmel Theatre Affair Tonight

With Frederick Burt as master of ceremonies, the award of a silver cup will be made from the stage of the Carmel Theatre tonight to the Carmel artist whose picture, among the display at present in the lobby, is awarded the first prize by the theatre patrons.

The affair will be held at 7:45 o'clock and should be an interesting event. The paintings have been displayed in the lobby of the theatre for several weeks and the public has been casting ballots for its choice.

Manager Leo Lyons calls special attention to the picture which will follow the art award ceremonies. It is "The Devil Is a Sissy" and one of those well-hailed pictures. It has been endorsed by many women's clubs throughout the country and by Juvenile Court Judges in New York, Chicago and other cities. It stars Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper.

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GYPSIES DO A JOB OR TWO IN CARMEL

Two probably Rumanian gypsies, with four fine Italian hands, invaded Carmel the past week and got out again before Chief Bob Norton could lay his ten digits on them. They got away not only with their persons, but with $70 of a Carmel transient's money. It is said that they made a second harvest at the expense of an unidentified individual. In this case the report is that they extracted a pocketbook, denuded it, and replaced it. One of the neat tricks of the week, eh?

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COURT ARNE IS KICKED BY BIG, BLACK DOG

Court Arne who, quoting a local columnist's manner of identifying little known persons, "lives in Carmel," is nursing an injured ankle, claiming he was kicked by a dog. There are witnesses to the mysterious affair who seem to be willing to take the stand under oath that Court is telling the truth. It appears, from the stories all have agreed upon, that "Baby," that little black dog who resembles no other animal so much as the late Gus Englund's probably late horse, caused the injury. It is alleged that *Baby* has been hanging around the Court domicile and as there has been no Arne dog since the famous Don Juan known as *Tiny*, has been welcomed around the Court domicile. But *Baby* runs at automobiles, or in front of them, as *Tiny* did to his fatal sorrow once too many times. Court, as the testimony goes, called *Baby* back from the center of Monte Verde street and *Baby* responded with an alacrity which bumped up against Court and sent him kiting. As a result Court is limping around town with a cane in one hand and a bedroom slipper on one foot.

Richard Crooks, So 'Tis Said, Does Some of His Singing While Asleep

Richard Crooks is an American and when our opera and concert stage are dominated by the great singers of other countries we owe him not a little patriotic acclaim for having so thoroughly "put America on the musical map". He is the first American to become first tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. His success in opera was enormous and it was no less in concert. His popularity on the radio was immediate and it is steadily and hugely growing. All this fame is, of course, because he has a great voice, but behind that voice is the way he uses it and in the manner of the man himself is more than just singing.

First and foremost he loves to sing. Since he was four years old he has always sung. He sings as soon as he is out of bed in the morning and sometimes he sings in his sleep. If he can't find the note in his dreams, it wakes him up and he can't get to sleep until he has found it, even if it means hunting for the music.

The other side of Crooks is his love of sport. He plays golf in the low 80's—he was hand ball champion of New York state, and he is close to the "expert" class in bridge. There is none of the artistic temperament about him and he has a marvelous knack of making friends.

At the beginning of his musical career he found out the specialists in each field of music and he went to them and learned what they had to teach. For the German *Lieder* and German opera he went to Germany, and there, under famous teachers, he studied their music and learned their language. In Italy and France he worked under the foremost teachers. When he had thoroughly prepared himself he made his European debut and this, in the face of European prejudice against American singers, was as dramatic a success as even a young and enthusiastic artist could dream of.

On February 6 Richard Crooks is singing in Carmel and the people for a good many miles around will have the opportunity to see and hear just why he has achieved such fame.

ALL SAINTS GUILD PREPARES FOR NEW RECTOR

All Saints Parish Guild met yesterday afternoon with the new president, Mrs. Mary Hamlin, in the chair, and discussed proposed improvements to the rectory against the coming of a new rector. The Rev. Austin B. Chinn, who now occupies the pulpit, is retiring from active ministry in March. Mr. and Mrs. Chinn are building a home in Palo Alto. A new rector has been called to All Saints and it is understood that he has accepted, but an announcement from the church awaits official word from the bishop of the diocese.

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Blue Bird Plans To Branch Out

The Blue Bird is branching out.

Mrs. M. C. Sampson announced this week that she had leased from Malcolm Macbeth the rear half of the ground floor of the Helen Wilson building which he purchased recently.

The building adjoins the present Blue Bird and the new space will be used by Mrs. Sampson for private party luncheons and dinners. Entrance for the public will be through the Golden Bough Court, but rear connection is being made with the Blue Bird kitchen

White walls, venetian blinds, mulberry-colored chairs and tables, are among the contemplated improvements and the new dining room will be opened, it is planned, for the Washington Birthday week-end. There will be accommodations for about 45 diners in the new room which contains ample space for 12 tables.

In the summer time the extra dining room will be used for overflow from the main restaurant and, if you have ever had your eye or your appetite on the Blue Bird in summer, you know that overflows have been regular things there.

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MERCURIO'S KITTEN READS CYMBAL; RETURNS HOME

Page Seven for Paul Mercurio.

The kitten is back. THE CYMBAL'S wide circulation got him. We have claimed that everybody reads THE CYMBAL in Carmel, but that proved to be an understatement. We referred to human beings up to last week. Then we had to include dogs, as evidenced by the response to our new dog column.

Now we must add cats.

The black Persian kitten read THE CYMBAL'S tearful account last week and went home—actually walked into the Mercurio gate with a CYMBAL under one arm.

It had grown and the Mercurios weren't sure it was the right cat. But the sorrowing sister, or brother, knew it at sight, and pounced upon it. They are both now pouncing back and forth and all is well.

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

(The Cymbal would welcome its attention being called to any errors or omissions in this array of facts. Telephone 77, or drop us a card.)

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or ⅔ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1237. Business licenses, 250.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 481.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Charles Guth, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fraties. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Twenty-four members. Firemen are organized volunteers. They are not paid, but we are building them a nice fire house with ducky social quarters. Fire Alarm Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of $3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector. Telephone 155-W. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 3 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmart. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, south from Ocean Avenue. Richard Bare, lessee and manager. Re-opens February 5 with showing of the film "Rembrandt."

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in the pine forest. On Mountain View avenue, three blocks south from Ocean avenue. First play produced in 1910. Produces plays with local casts each summer. Herbert Heron started it.

Theatre of The Golden Bough. In ruins at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde street. Only the walls still stand after a fire in 1935. This was Carmel's prideful showplace for years. Hundreds of residents of old Carmel have trod its stage in locally-cast and locally-directed plays.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Gaton, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:50, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:16 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 3:40 and 5:32 p.m. South-bound, railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m and 8:53 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 7887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: Northbound, 7:50 a. m.; south-bound, 9 a. m.; north and south, 9:40 a. m.; north, 1:05 p. m.; north, 4 p. m.; north and south, 6:51 p. m.; south, 10 p. m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a. m.; north and south, 11:10 a. m.; north, 12:09 p. m.; north, 3 p. m.; north and south, 6:58 p. m.; north and south, 7:55 p. m.; south, 9:20 p. m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

High School Notes

Pictures of the different clubs and organizations of the Monterey High school were taken last week for the annual "El Susurro." Those students belonging to any of the 15 groups which were photographed were excused from their classes. The day was devoted to the picture taking and those in the pictures were nearly frozen as it was one of those very cold days. The drive for *El Susurro* subscriptions began this last week by the members of the editorial and business staffs.

The Junior and Senior girls' team of M.U.H.S. played their annual basketball game Tuesday. Almost the whole school turned out during the Advisory period to watch the Seniors beat the Juniors 17 to 15. In the last quarter, as the game was so exciting, the spectators were standing up and shouting for the team they wanted to win. It almost looked like a riot. The Senior team included Yvonne Roumiguiere, Hisaka Oka, Mary Flagg, and Betty Kremel, forwards; Camilla Albert, Juanita Flagg, Ruth Gardon and Betty Holman, guards. Antoinette Gay, Anna Takiguichi, Dorothea Dawson and Fumiko Owashi were the forwards on the Junior team while Marian Tannahill, Virginia Palmiter, Emma Lee Lippman and Harriet Shaw played guards.

—JANE MILLIS

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Overheard in a shop: A spinster attending one of those parties where you wear something to represent a book, came with a long string of male dolls as a belt. Book: "It Can't Happen Here."

Classified Ads.

$6500 BARGAIN—Brand new home on a 60 x 140 lot, 3 bedrooms, tub bath and a shower bath, large kitchen and service porch, garage. Rustic type in setting of beautiful trees. Beautiful stone fireplaces in Living Room and Bedroom. Monthly terms can be arranged to suit. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue, Phone 66.

DO YOU NEED CASH? We buy anything of value—antiques, old books, old manuscripts, stamp collections, coins. Charles Frank, Jeweler, Dolores Street.

60 FOOT LOT—$1500.00 buys a fine view lot on Santa Lucia Avenue. $300.00 down payment, monthly payments to suit, interest 6%. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue, Phone 66

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Carmel Will Not Help Advertise The Peninsula

(Continued from Page One)

about it. In other words, the two bayside communities can whistle up Carmel hill until they are black in the face and there will be no funds from the oceanside slope to help them to do their megaphoning.

It appeared from a recapitulation of arguments that the Carmel businessmen have decided there are better ways to spend money with the aim of increasing our commercial prosperity.

Among other matters attended to was the election of new officers. As a result of that, J. Shelburn Robison, attorney, is the new president; Vincent Graham of the V to C store, vice-president; and Helen McLachlan, who does all the hard work in Barney Segal's office, secretary and treasurer. She is to be paid. And there is a joke in this. She's been doing it for nothing while Barney has been throwing his chest out with the title of secretary. And Tuesday night Barney gets a vote of thanks from the association for the services he has rendered! Where is that blindfolded goddess?

Frank Townsend, member of the sanitary district board, both handsome and eloquent, gave the businessmen a comprehensive and extremely enlightening explanation of the sewage disposal situation to date. He told just why nothing had been accomplished toward the definite solving of the situation, explaining the state laws in the matter and the consequent hampering of the sanitary board by changes. He told what the future plans are and how the sanitary board has sifted every plan until it has finally reached the conclusion as to what should be done but not as to the means for doing it. In a later issue THE CYMBAL will endeavor to present a detailed statement of the sanitary situation.

H. Noel Deutsch, manager of district No. 1 of the Home Owned Businesses Association, explained to the businessmen the purposes of his organization and set forth the advantages to be gained by the formation of a branch here.

Harold Nielsen, retiring president, was given a rising vote of thanks for his two years of service as president.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse have returned from Guaymas, Mexico, where they went on a fishing excursion and where they didn't stay because the cold we have been having penetrated down that far.

Personalities & Personals

Janet Prentiss, whose peculiarly satisfactory face has been robbing the Carmel scene for almost four months now, is back. She said she went to Arizona because she had been on the level too long. Since THE CYMBAL is not a scandal sheet, the conversation leapt suddenly to the hills between Phoenix and Tucson, where Janet spent her time in a cactus forest, amongst ravishing green grotesqueries, vicious thorns and dear friends. Recipe for Arizona Cocktail, it sounds like.

+

Zephine Humphrey, known to Carmel for herself as well as for her book, "Green Mountains to Sierras," and Wallace Fahnestock, her artist husband, came out from New York to stop in the next cottage. Howard Phaelzer, locally known, also joined the enchanting company in this enchanted weald. All intend visiting Carmel soon.

Welcome home, dear citizeness.

+

Mary Frances Hughes, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Hughes, and Henry (Hap) Haight Hasty were married last Sunday afternoon at St. John's Chapel, Del Monte. Hasty is the son of Mrs. Louise Hasty. His sister, Harriet, is Mrs. Cedric Rowntree. Many relatives of both bride and groom attended the ceremony and the buffet supper which followed the wedding at the home of the bride's parents on Dolores street. The couple will make Carmel their home.

+

Mrs. O. W. Bardarson has had as her guest the past week her father, John Dofsen, of Seattle. He left for his home Thursday. This week-end she is entertaining her aunt, Mrs. Ernest Anderson, of Seattle; and her cousin, Miss Katherine Anderson, and her sister, Mrs. Florence Bronson of San Francisco.

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AT PEBBLE BEACH

The Cuthbert Stewarts of London, who, with Lord and Lady Tennyson, have been entertaining and being entertained extensively the past few weeks in San Francisco and Burlingame, have come down to occupy the W. W. Crocker home for a while. Before starting on their trip abroad the Stewarts leased their London home to a certain Mrs. Simpson, formerly of Baltimore, who, we vaguely recall, had some sort of connection with what might be called the "late" crown.

+

Mrs. Tobin Clark, accompanied by Lord and Lady Tennyson, motifs for a recent tea at her San Francisco home, are due this week-end at the Tobin Clark home in Pebble Beach. Lord Tennyson's father wrote "The Brook."

+

Mrs. John Chapman is expected this week-end from Greenwich, Conn., to open her Pebble Beach home.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKaye of New York, guests at the John McGees, are taking the Jarvis house for two months.

+

Gene McComas—Mrs. Francis McComas to you—is putting the finishing touches on a bath tub. No, that isn't right—she is painting the wall behind the bath tub, putting a frieze around it, a sort of an architectural design, or something. It is in Venetian red. It might also be important to disclose the fact that it is in the home of Mrs. John Chapman who is even now speeding hither from Greenwich, Connecticut, as heretofore announced, presumably anxious to see the frieze.

+ + +

Charles Frank is the dazed possessor of a bonafide check drawn in the sum of $1,261,000. It's displayed in his window, unguarded, which clearly indicates, if you know our Mr. Frank, that it isn't any good. It was once, however. It was drawn in favor of "The Manhattan Company," by Price, Deering Company, both of New York, on March 27, 1889, and bears the serial number "4648M." It is now classed as an antique and was lent to Frank by a lady here in town who is a blood relation, or something, of the Price, Deering Company. No, we don't know what the company got for the $1,261,000, but it must have been something.

Thoburn and Askew Are Congratulated On Ocean Avenue Improvements

Councilman Thoburn and Superintendent of Streets Bill Askew are coming in for lots of bouquets on their improvement of the center of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Dolores streets and, says we, well they may. It looks very much like a good job. When the umpty umph shrubbery gets in there and waxes all along that three-foot parked strip it should be a scintillating miracle.

There are criticisms, but they do not all hit Thoburn or Askew. One is that on one side—the north—cars of reasonably long wheel base stick their tail lights, and rear trunks out into the roadway. The answer to that from Thoburn is that the line of trees in the center of the street isn't in the center of the street. It's out a quantity of inches. This caused the necessity for making the parking space narrower on one side.

Another criticism, and this at least caroms off both the councilman and the street superintendent, is that there was no necessity of narrowing the parking space at any point as has been done by circling out around the trees. The roots of the trees do not spread near the surface and the rock border would not interfere with them if it had been straight the entire block.

But Thoburn wants to hear anything further in regard to his handiwork—or Askew's. Send in your wails.

In the meantime, the councilman and the street superintendent have moved east and cleared up the parked space in the center of the street in front of the Carmel Theatre. In itself that is considerable of an improvement. There was a mess of dead and dying shrubs in there and it looked like the devil Now you can actually see across the street. To make things even better, walks have been cut through at two points in the block and you can walk across the street.

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We carry a complete line of wines, whiskies, and gins in half and one-half gallon sizes. Just received—a complete line of Duff Gordon (English) wines. • Castlewood and Novitiate Port and Sherry in gallons. • We stock a very fine Claret at seventy-five cents a gallon. Free delivery to Pebble Beach, the Highlands, and anywhere in Carmel. Open every Evening and Sunday, and all Holidays. There is a first-class butcher shop in connection.

COME OVER TONIGHT!

...AND, LADIES!
Bring your Box Lunches. They will be auctioned off and the money will be sent to the Roosevelt Paralysis Fund

Of course, there will be the usual big Friday night Floor Show from the City

KNOTTY PINE INN
296 LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE • NEW MONTEREY
Of course, you can dance every night